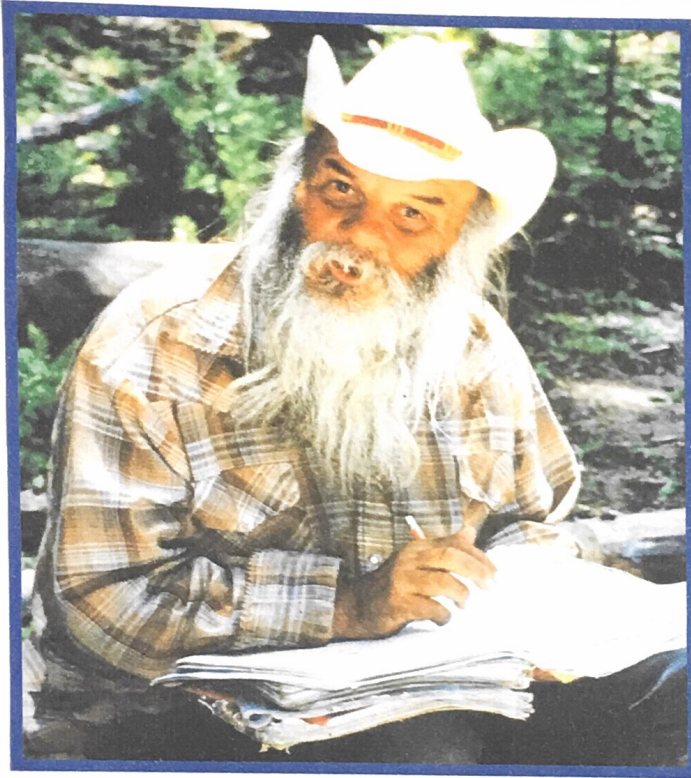


Rainbow Family Life Stories



*by Jodey Bateman.
Interviews with Rainbow
Family of Living Light
folks conducted between
1977 and 2008.*

Scanned in 2018.

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09.C STRAY DOG - "There Was a Family
at One Time"

2 pages

[09.C]

STRAY DOG There Was a Family at One Time

[Stray Dog mentions a common problem resulting from inheritance of road names or simultaneous use of the same name by different people. As I write, in Rainbow there is some confusion because as one person is abandoning the name Sun Woman, another is taking it up.]

I was born in Golden, Colorado. My father is a geophysicist. I grew up in Australia. That's where I discovered the wonderful world of glue sniffing. We came back to the states when I was 13. In early '68 I was 15 and a runaway. I hung out on the Strip in Hollywood. It was a bummer because I had read LIFE magazine about flower children and I wanted to join the hippies and left for Hollywood with \$10 and a bed roll. I got my money and my bedroll stolen. Here I wanted to run through the park with flowers in my hair—peace and love and all that—and here were all these speed freaks and fucking junkies. So I went to San Francisco. I wasn't in Haight.

I got in contact with STP in Tucson, Arizona in 1970. I was 17. STP started in New York City. It's kind of a sacrilege to talk about STP any more because now there's a bunch of street punks running around that say they're in STP that ain't and there's a bunch of dead people that was in it. It's a mockery now. It turned into a myth.

I had somebody come up to me in Austin saying, "Give me a drink. I'm STP Stray Dog," and my partner Billy Rocket wanted to clobber him. It's something that doesn't exist. The old people in the Family are settled down and got kids or they're dead or in prison.

I'm a respectable citizen now. I got a job and an apartment and I'm still being stopped by the cops, just for the hell of it. Having a dog without a leash—when you see college kids running around with dogs without leashes all the time.

You got these new kids on the street, they're trying to hang onto a whole different era and it's gone. The hippies are all gone. There ain't no use in trying to hang onto something that's dead. The old STP people were ass holes, but they had class about it and these new kids don't.

I think mass media made the whole hippie thing up. It's a myth the media made up. People will tell you, "The STP Family is this," or, "The STP Family is that." Well, I'll tell you. It's a bunch of people who got fucked up who liked to have a good time—yeah. There was a lot of concern and there was a family at one time. Like if somebody went to jail, you'd have somebody down there—like whist!

I don't even smoke pot no more. Every time you get stopped by a cop—"What are these papers for?" "Well, rolling tobacco." "You're all right!" I don't even like rock and roll that much any more.

I love the country, man, but the Rainbow Gathering? I want a liquor store nearby—fuck all that shit! I was in Boulder when the first gathering happened at Granby and I had a lot of partners that went.

[As I started editing this book in February, 1983, Stray Dog and Kenny and other STP'ers were working on a construction job in Austin—along with Richard whose life story is in the Austin Rainbow House section of this book.]

Now I have heard Stray Dog died in 1986.